

A BELLE'S PHILOSOPHY.

[FROM A LADY'S ALBUM.*]

Yon mountain's side hath a crystal stream,
Which laughs along in the sunlight free,
And its rippling course and the splintering gleam
Of its diamond falls are a joy to see.
Shall we turn it aside from its sparkling way,
To slake for a summer a garden's thirst,
That buds may have life, and that flow'rets gay
In its fostering dew may be born and nurs'd.
Oh no, philosopher, no,
Utility must not mislead us so.
We must always strive
To preserve alive
A little romance in this world below.

There's a statue beneath yon humble shrine,
'Tis the Queen of the Graces in virgin gold,
Instinct with a beauty, as like divine,
As poet or painter could feign of old.
Shall her smiling and gentle presence be
Coined down like a common and sordid thing,
To bear to the ends of the earth and sea,
The stupid impress of a foolish king.
Oh no, philosopher, no, &c.

There's another shrine where the votary sues
To the glorious life of that sculptured form;
And where in the light that her smiles diffuse,
The iciest bosoms grow soft and warm.
Shall the fatal spell of the parson drown
In the rights of one mortal, the hopes of all.
Shall the queen of the belles lay the sceptre down,
And yield to a homely domestic thrall.
Oh no, philosopher, no.
Utility must not mislead us so.
We must always strive
To preserve alive
A little romance in this world below.

* Supposed to be the only one now extant.

the fallen bulwarks of the citadel, and while yet the banner of
Holland flung defiance to its foes.

Victrix causa Deis placuit—sed victa Catoni.

THE ALBATROSS.

"Tis said the Albatross never rests.".....BUFFON.

Where the fathomless waves in magnificence toss,
Homeless and high soars the wild Albatross—
Unwearied, undaunted, unshrinking, alone,
The ocean, his empire—the tempest, his throne.

When the terrible whirlwind raves wild o'er the surge,
And the hurricane howls out the mariner's dirge,
In thy glory thou spurnest the dark-heaving sea,
Proud bird of the ocean-world—homeless and free.

When the winds are at rest, and the sun in his glow,
And the glittering tide sleeps in beauty below,
In the pride of thy power triumphant above
With thy mate thou art holding thy revels of love.

Untir'd, unfetter'd, unwatch'd, unconfin'd,
Be my spirit like thee in the world of the mind,
No leaning for earth e'er to weary its flight,
And fresh as thy pinion in regions of light.

ORCATIA.

horse ate his barley in selfish solitude at one end of the dark chamber, and Capitan at the other munched his stingy pittance of refuse greens, envying, perchance, if envy could enter the head of an ass, the more luxurious repast of his favored companion.

WALLER TO HIS MISTRESS.

[BY KENNETH QUIVORLEY.]

["There be those who say, that despite of the many verses which he wrote about this time to the Lady Dorothea Sidney, (his *Sacharissa*;) his wit was frequently not forthcoming, when most in quest; and that it was well for Mr. Waller that his marriage with Mrs. Banks, the great heiress of the city, who left him a rich widower at twenty-five, prevented the poet from realizing, as he might else have done, how much he who liveth by his wits is dependent not only upon his own humors, but those of others for his bread.—*Memoirs of the Court of Charles II.*]

I'll try no more—'tis all in vain
 To rack for wit my head,
 While every chamber of my brain
 By thee is tenanted.
 Thoughts will not come—words will not flow
 Except when thus toward thee they go.

Oh! thou wert born to be my blight,
 My bane upon this earth—
 Fate did my doom that moment write
 In which those eyes had birth.
 'Tis strange that aught so good, so pure,
 Should work the evil I endure.

Thou darkenest each hope that flings
 O'er life one sunny ray;
 And to each joy thou lendest wings
 To take itself away.
 Yet hope and joy—oh what to me
 Are they, unless they spring from thee.

I'll try no more—'tis all in vain
 To rack for wit my head,
 While every chamber of my brain
 By thee is tenanted.
 Thoughts will not come—words will not flow
 Except when thus toward thee they go.

THE OUTCAST.

[BY MISS VANDERSTEIN.]

"As thou hast with others, will Fate with thee deal,
And that heart which pride smothers, be yet taught to feel,
Thou wilt doat upon one whom all others condemn,
And thy heart when undone will regard him like them."

QUIVORLEY.

Aye, they may condemn him,
Yet so will not I,
When the storm clouds are darkest,
The rude blasts most high,
When denounced, and forsaken,
He shrinks from the storm,
Be my heart as unshaken,
My bosom as warm.
A love deeper than mother's,
Thou'lt find mine for thee,
And deserted by others,
Be dearer to me.

Oh ! how little thou knowest
The strength of that faith,
Which the proud spirit keepeth,
Through danger and death.
In the sunshine of fortune,
It hides from the world
Its love, like the eagle,
With proud pinions furled ;
But when rises the tempest
O'er those it loves best,
Like the eagle it battles,
And dies for its nest.

THE ART OF MAKING POETRY.

[BY AN EMERITUS PROFESSOR.]

I'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners, suppers, and sleeping hours excepted—it is the right butter women rate to market.—*As You Like it.*

Cardinal Richelieu is reported to have said once that he would make so many dukes that it should be a shame to be one, and a shame not to be one. It appears, however, that he changed his mind afterwards, inasmuch as down to St. Simon's time there were only twelve or thirteen dukes in France, besides the blood-royal. At present they are more plenty, though it is even yet some distinction to be a duke, out of Italy; and in Poland there is an express law against the title being borne by any man who has not a clear income of three hundred dollars a year to support its dignity. In Bavaria, you may be made a baron for 7000 rix-dollars (or \$5250)—or a count for 30,000 rix-dollars, but in this last case you must not follow any trade or profession; bankers, accordingly, content themselves with baronies usually, like sensible men, preferring substance to sound; as in fact, when it is perfectly well-known you are able to buy a dozen counts and their titles, the world gives you credit as for the possession,—perhaps more. But what Cardinal Richelieu threatened with regard to dukedoms has, in fact, been effected by the progress of the world with regard to another title as honorable, perhaps, as that of duke, though few of its possessors could retain it if the Polish regulation mentioned above were to be applied to it and enforced. I mean the title of poet. To be a poet, or rather, for there is still some reverence left for that name, to be a versifier, is in these days a shame, and not to be one is a shame. That is, it is a shame for any man to take airs or pique himself on a talent now so common; so much reduced to rule and grown absolutely mechanical, and to be learned like arithmetic: and, on the other hand, for these same reasons, it is a shame not in some degree to possess it, or have it for occasions at command. It is convenient sometimes to turn some trifle from a foreign language, to hit off a scrap for a corner of a newspaper, to write a squib or an epigram, or play a game at crambo, and for all these emergencies the practised versifier is prepared. He has, very likely, the frames of a few verses always ready in his mind, constructed for the purpose, into which he can put any given idea at a moment's warning, with as much certainty as he could put a squirrel or a bird into a cage he had ready for it. These frames may consist merely of the rhymes, or *bouts rimés*, being common-place words such as would be easily lugged in apropos to anything; or they may be very common-place verses ready made, upon which an appropriate travestie could easily be superinduced; or, finally, their place may be supplied by the actual verses of some

author, who should, however, be, if possible, but little known, which may be travestied impromptu. This will be better understood by an instance, and as I am now making no secret of the matter, I will take those well-known lines of Moore.

“Vain was that man—and false as vain,
 Who said, were he ordained to run
 His long career of life again
 He would do all that he had done.
 It is not thus the voice that dwells
 In coming birth-days, speaks to me;
 Far otherwise, of time it tells,
 Wasted unwisely—carelessly.”

Now suppose I wish to make love in poetry. I am a despairing lover—or will suppose myself one for the present, and my griefs may be poured out in this same measure, and with so many of these same words as to leave no ground for any claim to authorship for me in the following stanza.

Vain are the hopes, ah! false as vain,
 That tempt me weary thus to run
 My long career of love again,
 And only do what I have done.
 Ah! not of hope the light that dwells
 In yonder glances, speaks to me,
 Of an obdurate heart it tells,
 Trifling with hearts all carelessly.

And now take the same stanza, only change the circumstance to something as different as possible. I am a flaming patriot, the enemy is at our gates, and I am to excite my fellow-citizens to arms. It will go to the self same tune and words.

Our country calls, and not in vain,
 Her children are prepared to run
 Their father's high career again,
 And may we do as they have done.
 In every trumpet voice there dwells
 An echo of their fame for me;
 Oh, who can hear the tale it tells,
 And pause supinely—carelessly.

Again, which is a more possible case in our country, I am disgusted with an unprincipled mob orator, some indescribably low, but gifted scion of perdition, one whom no prose can reach; why have at him with the same arms,—they are always ready.

Thou bad vain man, thou false as vain,
 If Satan were ordained to run
 A free career on earth again,
 He would do all that thou hast done.
 It is of him the voice that dwells
 In thy gay rhetoric speaks to me,
 Of horrors scoffingly it tells,
 Of crime and suffering carelessly.

Or, lastly,—for one may get too much of this—I am enraged with a bad singer or musician, and want to gibbet him,—lo, is not Tom Moore my executioner.

I stop my ears, but all in vain,
In vain to distant corners run,
He imitates the owls again,
And will do all that they have done.
Of roasting cats the voice that dwells
In such discordance, speaks to me,
Of Tophet up in arms it tells,
With doors left open carelessly.

There is absolutely no end to this, and any man may practice it to any extent, who has musical ear enough to dance a contre-danse in correct time, or march decently after a drum. He must not take his implements or frames out of Moore, he would do better to tax his own ingenuity for the making of them ; or, if he have none, he can do very well without it, if he only possess a little memory, and a competent knowledge of the dictionary. The examples given above are intended to prove that the words and the ideas have but little to do with each other, and that anything can be made out of anything else, and that, therefore, in compositions of this kind, it is perfectly legitimate procedure to cook your dolphin before you catch him. Make your verses, and look about you afterwards for ideas,—any man who has two, and there are many such in society, will give you one. But I must exhibit the whole process, for, after all, there is nothing like example ; and with the assurance, gentle reader, that up to this moment I have no more notion than you have of what they are to be, I shall proceed now to make eight lines of verse, and endeavour to make you understand, as I go along, how I do it. And, as I have shown already how the ideas may be inserted or changed in ready-made verses, I propose now to show how the verse may be worked up when the idea is ready ; and, to begin at the very beginning, I will shew also how I got the idea. This very evening—I am now writing at midnight—a highly-gifted and beautiful lady has been telling me of some conversation or circumstance, in the course of which she was compared to the full moon,—a comparison upon which the comment arose of itself most naturally to my lips—that, not to criticise it further, the lady had at least the advantage in her expression,—for which the moon is not remarkable. Very well, we will try to versify this, and we will succeed too, after some sort of a fashion, and that by virtue of intelligible rules.

The subject is a lady's face and a question of resemblance—*face* is a good word for a rhyme, and *trace* comes in very well with it, and has also some sort of bearing on the matter in hand ; the moon is to play a part, there is *light*, and *night* to rhyme with it ; *sky* also and

eye, for the deuce must be in it if we cannot get these words in ; *fair*, also, is very appropriate, and for a rhyme the word *there*, which has an impressive, pointed sound, and is a capital word to rest on at the end of a line or phrase. Now, let us try ; I should like some one to stand by with a watch, and we would fill up this against time. It is evident, that the difficulty of this is nothing to a game at *bouts rimés*, for there the words are expressly chosen for their difficulty and incongruity, things as hard as possible for any sense to link together,—here, they are so easy that, for fault of better, nonsense might do it.—Allons.—

Oh, lady—would some spirit trace
Upon the moon's unmeaning face

That goes of itself,—if we had shaken a dictionary over the paper the words would have fallen into their places,—but the *eye* must come next, as we are to tell what the effect would be, and after *eye*, *sky* is indispensable ; *night* and *light* must follow, as next in order of thought ; and *fair* and *there*, which, for the reason given above, must come in at the end. But we must begin anew, for I have not confidence enough in the effect my instructions have yet produced, to trust my readers even to put together the *disjecta membra poetæ*.

Oh, lady, would some spirit trace
Upon the moon's unmeaning face,
Such lineaments as thine ; mine eye
Should grow a gazer of the sky,
And often, in the cloudless night,
Should turn to her ethereal light,
To hail its beams, so bland and fair,
And greet thy rich expression there.

Here is some scope for criticism,—as in the sixth line, the word *her* does not seem to have any strict antecedent ; it might, by the construction, apply either to the night or the sky, or possibly, though hardly, to the moon, as it is intended. It is easy to make this right and say,

Turn to yon orb's ethereal light, &c., &c.

As for Moore's lines to Lord Strangford,—but I have borrowed nothing from them,—or if I have, upon the principles of these days, it's all one.

I quit here, for a moment, the subject of rhyme, to say a word or two upon blank verse, that mortal humbug which "prose poets" are so fond of, and, certainly, the world would soon be full of it, if any body were fond of *them*. There is no more difficulty or skill in cutting up a given quantity of prose into blank verse, than there is in sawing up a log into planks, both operations certainly reflect credit

on their original inventors, and would immortalize them if we knew their names, but fame would have her hands full, and her mouth too, if she should occupy herself in these days with all the handicraftsmen in both or either. The best way, perhaps, of setting this in a clear point of view, is to exemplify it; and, for this purpose, it would not be difficult to pitch upon authors whose whole writings, or nearly so, would bear being written as blank verse, though they were given out as prose. For instance, there is John Bunyan, the whole of whose works it would be easier to set up into verse than to restore some works, now held to be such, to their metrical shape, if, by any accident, the ends of their lines should get confused. Let the reader try his skill in reconstructing, with the visible signs of poetry, the following extract from *Samson Agonistes*, from line 118, omitting the next three, and going on to line 130.

“See how he lies at random, carelessly diffused, * * * in slavish habit, ill-fitted weeds, o’er-worn and soiled, or do my eyes misrepresent; can this be he, that heroic, that renowned, irresistible Samson, whom, unarm’d, no strength of man or fiercest wild beast could withstand, who tore the lion as the lion tears the kid, ran on embattled armies clad in iron, and, weaponless himself, made arms ridiculous, &c.”

But to return to Bunyan; take the following extract, which is verbatim, from his “*World to Come*,”—it is more correct metre than much that we find written as verse in the old dramatists, though it is always printed as prose.

“Now, said my guardian angel, you are on
The verge of hell, but do not fear the power
Of the destroyer;
For my commission from the imperial throne
Secures you from all dangers.
Here you may hear from devils and damned souls
The cursed causes of their endless ruin;
And what you have a mind to ask, inquire,
The devils cannot hurt you, though they would,
For they are bound
By him that has commissioned me, of which
Themselves are sensible, which makes them rage,
And fret, and roar, and bite their hated chains,
But all in vain.”

And so on ad infinitum, or throughout the “*World to Come*.”

But not to seek eccentric writers and far-fetched examples, let us take a popular and noted one, even Dr. Johnson himself,—every body will recognize the opening sentence of *Rasselas*.

“Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope, who expect that age will perform the promises of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow, attend to the history of *Rasselas*, prince of Abyssinia.”

This is prose incontrovertibly,—in two minutes it shall be as incontrovertibly blank verse.

Oh, ye, who listen with credulity
To fancy's whispers, or with eagerness
Phantoms of hope pursue, or who expect
Age will perform the promises of youth,
Or that the present day's deficiencies
Shall by the morrow be supplied, attend
To Rasselas, the Abyssinian Prince,
His history. Rasselas was fourth son, &c.

I do not suspect any reader of this Magazine of stupidity enough to find a difficulty here, or of wit enough to imagine one, the process speaks for itself, and so far requires no comment ; but in carrying it a step or two farther, we shall see by what alchemy gold may be transmuted into baser metals and into tinsel, and how the rogue who steals, or the poor devil who borrows it, may so thoroughly disguise it as to run no risk at last in passing it openly for his own. I take the first six lines only of the above, and tipping them with rhymes, they suffer a little violence, and read thus.

Oh, ye who listen,—a believing race—
To fancy's whispers, or with eager chase
Phantoms of hope pursue, expecting still
Age will the promises of youth fulfil,
Or that the morrow will indeed amend
The present day's deficiencies, attend—

Now in this shape they might do pretty well had they not been taken purposely from a notorious part of a notorious work, for one might borrow even from Rasselas, in the middle or any where less in sight, and few indeed are the critics who would detect and expose the cheat ; but the next stage of our progress would distance the major part even of these. That a scrap from Rasselas should be set to Yankee Doodle is an idea which seems to have been reserved from all time to be first broached in the present article. But if not the same, there are similar things done hourly, and if the written monuments of genius, like the temples and palaces of antiquity, were themselves diminished by all the materials they supply to new constructions, how much would there be remaining of them now. Imagine a chasm in Moore or Byron for every verse any lover has scrawled in an album, or any Cora or Matilda in a newspaper ; or reverse the case, and imagine the masters of the lyre and of the pen reclaiming, throughout the world, whatever is their own, in whatever hands and in whatever shape it might be now existing. The Scotch freebooter was warned upon his death-bed, rather late, but it was the first time the parson had had a chance at him, that in another world all the people he had robbed, and all the valuables he had robbed them of, sheep, horses, and cattle, would rise up to bear witness against him. "Why then," said he, in a praiseworthy vein of restitution, "if the horses, and kye, and a' will be there, let

ilka shentleman tak her ain, and Donald will be an honest man again." Now I should like to be by, at a literary judgment, when "ilka shentleman should take her ain," to have righteousness rigidly laid to the line, and see who would in fact turn out to be "a shentleman" and have a balance left that was "her ain," and who would be a Donald, left with nothing, a destitute "bipes implumis." Then, and not till then, will I give back the following piece of morality to Rasselas, and indeed, in the shape into which I am now going to put it I think it will not be till then that he or anybody for him will lay claim to it.

Air, "Yankee Doodle."

Listen ye, who trust as true
All the dreams of fancy,
Who with eager chase pursue
Each vain hope you can see,
Who expect that age will pay,
All that youth may borrow,
And that all you want to-day
Will be supplied to-morrow.

I leave this matter here, having spun it out, perhaps, something too much, but if I have treated it frivolously, I am not the less, with regard to the subject, in profound and indignant earnest. We profane the lofty name of poet by such short-sighted, indiscriminate application—we allow reputations to be founded and to endure, on such unreal and dishonest bases, that it is high time that somebody should proclaim, and that all should realize the difference between a poet and a versifier, and that the last name should be indelibly branded upon those who either professedly or fraudulently reconstruct from the labors of others, for mere rhymes are as mechanically made as stone fences;—"Walls supply stones"—it is Rasselas again that I quote,—“more easily than quarries, and palaces and temples will be demolished to make stables of granite and cottages of porphyry.” The first care of criticism is to see what an author’s material is, gold, silver, or ivory,—wood, hay, or stubble; the next is to know, if it be valuable, where he got it; if it be not, or not original, and if he has managed, notwithstanding, to make it ornamental, why we need not be very severe or difficult about giving him as much credit as we would attribute to a basket-maker or a carver of figure-heads and claw-feet, but we should mark him out his place, and keep him in it. But after all, there is nothing new under the sun, and reproduction of old ideas will pass for new, songs will be made unsuspected out of sermons, and sermons out of songs, and metamorphosis will be mistaken to the end of the chapter for creation. “Isto enim modo,” says old George Buchanan, apropos to a question of etymology, and the remark applies most forcibly to the subject we are discussing,—Isto enim modo quidlibet e quolibet libebit effingere.

DRINKING SONG.

(Imitated from the French.)

[BY HENRY DE WITT.]

If Jove, when he' made this beautiful world,
Had only consulted me,
An ocean of wine should flow in the place
Of the brackish and bitter sea,
Red wine should pour from the fruitful clouds
In place of the tasteless rain,
And the fountains should bubble in ruby rills
To brim the sparkling main.

No fruit should grow but the round, full grape,
No bowers but the shady vine,
And of all earth's flowers, the queenly rose
Should alone in her beauty shine ;
I'd have a few lakes for the choicest juice,
Where it might grow mellow and old,
And my lips should serve as a sluice to drain
Those seas of liquid gold.

LES VÉTÉRANS.

[FROM THE FRENCH OF BERANGER.]

Naguère on des tems de douleur,
 On méconnent nos vieux services,
 Et nous cachions nos cicatrices,
 Fiers témoins de notre valeur.
 On poursuivait par des injures
 Les vainqueurs d'Ulm et de Jéna,
 On disait comme a des parjures
 Ils étaient là.

Ah! they have now almost forgot
 Our service in the bannered wars,
 And we are fain to hide the scars,
 Proud proofs of hearts which wavered not.
 Jena and Ulm can witness how
 Hands nerved to do, hearts throbb'd to dare.
 And yet they say, with scornful brow,
 Oh they were there.

Yes! we were there, for honor there:
 Not for a chief, but France—that name
 Wakes in each heart a filial flame,
 Alike in glory and despair.
 Our mother calls—we fly to shield.
 She bids our blood flow free as air.
 In dark defeat or well won field,
 Still we were there.

Yet all the valiant could not fall,
 And sheltered now will they remain,*
 Till France shall summon them again,
 And find them few but fearless all.
 Proud remnant of that host who came
 To shake the nations with despair,
 To renovate thine olden fame,
 We still are there.

To shield our king, to gild his crown,
 In peril's path we boldly move,
 To save a people whom we love.
 To crush a foe who fears our frown.
 And, oh! when honor's voice shall sound,
 That voice shall not be lost in air.
 Our country's living ramparts round,
 We shall be there.

Now we resign those blades that blazed
Such lightning on the vaunting foe,
We lay our eagle ensigns low,
Those meteors on which nations gazed.
But if our France, if glory high,
Should summon us, the world shall hear
Louder than triumph's note our cry,
Behold us here !

THE ART OF BEING HAPPY.

How the subject-theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine—
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon.—**BURNS.**

THE ancients, though they never flew on a railroad, swam in a steamboat, or soared in a balloon, were, it must be confessed, an amazing clever and ingenious people after all. Indeed, it is among the most provoking things in the world to be reminded every now and then, as we are, how impertinently they have anticipated us, not only, as has been often observed, in saying all our good things before us, but in broaching all kinds of theories and systems to such a degree, that it is almost impossible for modern gleaners in the fields of intellectual invention to find any thing sufficiently new or striking to reward their search. Who would have thought now that "*The Art of Being Happy*," notwithstanding the little advance it has made to perfection, was studied in Greece under the same identical name two thousand years ago! yet such is the case. And, while, like the art of painting on glass which has been recently re-discovered, or the composition of the Greek Fire, which is believed to be lost forever, it laid dormant for centuries, none of us can tell but that the Art of being Happy was as well understood and practised by our progenitors as is lithography, novel-making, or the manufacture of catouchouic bedsteads by our contemporaries. And, assuming that it was so understood and practised, why may not our knowledge of the prevalence of the art in ancient times help to clear up and reconcile a thousand doubtful and incongruous statements which have been huddled down to us as facts. Who can tell for instance, but that skill in the Art of being Happy, may, figuratively speaking, have been the invaluable cosmetic which kept Helen's complexion fresh at sixty, when that famous belle used to flirt with the grand-children of those who waltzed with her before the Argonautic expedition. Or whether old Anacreon, who, by the by, more than one commentator insists, in spite of his capital drinking songs, was at heart a stickler for temperance societies; whether, we say, that long-lived ballad-singing jollifier did not owe his mirth and buoyancy of spirits when a youngster of eighty, to some secret that was never drowned in a bumper—some art more valuable than that of telling the vin-

I WILL LOVE THEE NO MORE.

I will love thee no more, I have loved thee too long,
 Thou hast wasted a heart that was thine to its core,
 The ties I have striven to break were too strong,
 They are broken at last,—I will love thee no more.

Yet I pause for a moment,—yes, ere I erase
 That picture whose colors are laid in my heart,
 Let me call back its beauties of soul, form, and face,
 And then fix the stern purpose that tears us apart.

Ah! they need not the summons, already they seem
 To start from the canvass,—that form, and that brow,
 The same I have worshipped in many a dream,
 The same I must blot from my memory now.

That dark hazel eye, in whose sweet circle dwells
 A witchery far beyond poetry's dream,
 Which, though keen as the eagle's, yet like the gazelle's,
 Loves to melt into softness its brightness of beam.

Those lips, whence sweet words come more liquidly sweet,
 And so slowly, they seem as if wishing to smother
 In that prison of rubies whose ripe portals meet,
 As if pouting and reddening to part from each other.

That brow like a book, on whose white page is seen
 Pure thoughts and affections high purpose and soul;
 No dark lines where passions unholy have been,
 No waste where the lava hath but ceased to roll.

A mind full of fancies as gentle as bright,
 Whence, not bitter with sarcasm, but dazzling with wit,
 Even satire's sharp arrow, when quivering for flight,
 I feel sure cannot wound, though 't is certain to hit.

A heart, whose full chords are so tremblingly true
 To each finer emotion, that did I but try
 To grieve thee in jest, it would change thy cheeks' hue,
 Send a sigh to thy lip, and a tear to thine eye.

And a form in whose fulness and beauty of mould,
 The eye of the sculptor would brighten to see
 The charms which were gathered from hundreds of old
 All blended in one and all breathing in thee.

The picture is finish'd,—one kiss on that brow,
 One glance from those eyes could I aught but adore—
 One smile, one sweet word, one soft pressure, and now
 The picture is broken,—I love thee no more.

Thou hast spurn'd my affection,—'t was all I could give,
 Thou hast blasted hope's tree,—the sweet blossoms it bore
 Are strewn at thy feet,—thou couldst yet bid it live,
 But I scatter their promise,—I love thee no more.

I will worship no longer,—my heart I redeem,
 The years thou hast wasted thou canst not restore,
 The past I gave thee, thou hast left it a dream,
 But the future is mine.—I will love thee no more.

L.

and it was there in a retired arbor where the sweetest perfume oppressed every sense, and strains of enchanting music died upon the illuminated air, that the impassioned youth first told the confiding girl how long—how ardently he had loved; and it was there, while conscious of no other sound but her own gentle voice, that he heard her say his passion was reciprocated. Through the many hours of that protracted fête was the measure of Stapps happiness complete, and he would have felt no bar to the measure of the evening's enjoyment; but as he was leading his lovely charge through the apartment, he suddenly encountered the eye of the lady's father, engaged among a host of princes round the Emperor's presence. There was a look of fierce displeasure in the glance, that terrified his daughter, and intimidated her lover. In his dream of delight he had never once thought of his fictitious rank; but now that scrutinizing gaze which terribly reminded him of the Burschen chief, awoke him to the consequence of his temerity, and above all filled his soul with remorse for the deception which he practised upon the illustrious princess. He had little time, however, for reflection, when the duke approached and with a haughty rudeness took his daughter's hand, and said to Frederick, in a tone of bitter sarcasm, "the Princess of Rodoldstadt will dispense with the attendance of the Baron Von Feuerstein." He only heard the lady whisper, "to-morrow evening," before she was gone from his sight. And Stapps, to relieve himself from the alarming scrutiny which was directed towards him, immediately withdrew.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

TO AN IMPRISONED LION.

Monarch of India's burning plain—

Where once in undisputed reign

Thou held'st despotic sway:—

Lord of the desert—noble king—

Thou, who a dauntless glance can fling

Back to the God of Day!

There's terror still upon thy brow,

And pomp about thee even now.

How great—how fallen!—caged and chained

By him, on whom thou once disdained

To cast contemptuous look!

Those iron bars—that narrow floor—

The confines of that prison door,

How can thy spirit brook?

Throbs on thy unsubdued heart,

As when it played the monarch's part?

Methinks, when fettered in a cage,
With one resistless roar of rage,
And madness uncontrolled,
Thy great heart, at the very first,
Should in its agony have burst
Beneath the conqueror's hold:—
Worthy thy life, old king, would be
Such savage death, to set thee free.

Yet here thou art—shut up and cramped,
With all thy haughty ardor damped,
Ignobly shown about,
A scarecrow to each childish fear,
The subject of an idle jeer
For every rabble rout:—
A living lesson to the world,
How low a monarch may be hurled.

Yet all thy greatness is not fled—
Thou hast a solemn, measured tread,
As in thy loftiest days;
Majestic still thy eye-balls flash,
And sternly mortal eyes can dash
That would return thy gaze:—
Thou art Imperial! and no chains
Debase the blood in royal veins.

Say what they may, thy spirit dwells
Within thee still—and freedom swells
Within thy breast till death;
Thou, as thy sires, wast born to rule,
And thy king-passion cannot cool,
But with thy latest breath:
Though servile chains to thee may cling,
Still thou art "every inch a king!"

So he, who fought his way to thrones,
The proudest one Ambition owns,
Fell from his height at last.
Chained to old ocean's loneliest rock,
He firmly met and braved the shock
That told his splendors past:—
Though heaven was black—yet, like the oak,
His spirit bent not, till it broke!

v.

rally buried in a bank of snow at the distance of several feet, from which he rose with much difficulty, amid a general burst of laughter—none laughing more heartily than his cousin Sue.

* * * * *

"To-morrow, Bolt," said Buckmere, as he and his friend were retiring for the night, "to-morrow we will go to town."

"And when do you return to claim the fair hand of your beautiful cousin?"

"Never!—her!"

THE MEGRIM BALL.

The street is dangerous with wheels
To-night, at Mrs. Megrim's doors,
And light fantastic heads and heels
Are gathering on her chalky floors.
The carpets have been stowed away,
Old Megrim and his gouty chair;
The little children's beds, and they
Are packed—one can't imagine where.

Well, they are gone, and high and low,
The house is public as the street;
And, circulating to and fro,
Are curious eyes and restless feet.
Discovering, prying, searching all,
And much discussing what they see—
In parlor, bedrooms, supper hall,
The very kitchen scarce is free.

Well—this is wise and fine, no doubt,
To fill one's house with such a din;
To turn one's beds and children out,
And call the curious public in;
And, for a night's display, to fling
The comforts of a month to waste:
'Tis a disinterested thing,
And suits with Mrs. Megrim's taste.

How the poor woman perseveres,
I think, at last, she'll make her way:
Pray, do you note those chandeliers?
They came from Gardiner's shop to-day.
I know them well—their vagrant light,
Companion of my winter's rounds,
From house to house, flits night by night,
Wherever yonder music sounds.

That light, dear Jack, and yours and mine—
Benoit and Charles and Clem—compose
A constellation, that must shine
Far as the mode's horizon goes.
Unequal stars, but brilliant all,
United, we have gained our fame;
Summoned alike to rout and ball,
Alike respected when we came.

Tom, just come here, and cast your eye
Along that wall, to yonder door,
And tell me, truly, if you spy
A face one ever met before.
There's John a Stiles, and Tom a Nokes,
And what d'ye call him? so and so,
But all the rest unheard-of folks
That no one knows, or cares to know.

Look further in! see, when the crowd
Their knives and forks and spoons are plying;
The supper seems a fleecy cloud
Before a thousand breezes flying.

I hope the master of the house
 Enjoys those bursts of merriment ;
 And thinks the while his guests carouse
 His time and money wisely spent.

Mary, press onward through the throng,
 And try if we can gain the stairs ;
 And so escape this threatening song,
 And Barent Mope'em's dandy airs.
 He deems himself the phantom ship
 Careering over Fashion's sea,
 Whose glorious speed must long outstrip
 Pursuing barks, like you and me.

Thank you, not me ; but Alice, look !
 This cupboard's vastly nice and sly ;
 Placed in an unsuspected nook,
 And stored with scraps of cheese and pie :
 And thirteen custards, I declare,
 For fourteen children—that's the way
 The harmless babes must starve and spare
 To furnish forth this grand display.

Why Jane, you have not danced at all ?
 Oh, yes I have, till I was tired ;
 And now I'm flowering by the wall
 To let my bandeau be admired ;
 But that young lumpkin's self-conceit
 Possess'd him with the strangest whim,
 He thought I only kept my seat
 In order not to dance with him.

And turning all to compliment—
 For so a dandy genius can—
 He begs his claims may not prevent
 My dancing with some happier man .
 Some less attractive man, that is,
 Whose eyes may lack, though still divine
 That dangerous fire that lurks in his
 For hearts so sensible as mine.

Look, there, at yonder nodding head,
 Its Jack Fitz Ferrers fast asleep,
 Amidst a din might rouse the dead,
 And Morpheus' self in vigil keep.
 It's affectation I suspect.
 Ah, no—it's real, sound repose ;
 Why, one might just as well *affect*
 To tweak one's entertainer's nose.

But which is Mrs. Megrim ? There
 She stands, beside the scarlet screen ;
 Has she not something in her air
 Too good for such a vapid scene ?
 Why, she is handsome still. In truth,
 She has been "spared and blest by time,"
 But then, you know, she past her youth
 Far out of fashion's deadly clime.

She could not waste her bloom away
 In balls, by feverish candle light,
 Turning the peaceful night to day,
 And, *vice versa*, day to night.
 The "*ton*," that calls such evil good,
 Was then beyond her reach, and why
 She wishes that her daughter should
 Acquire it now—heaven knows, not I.

But let's be off—it's half-past one—
 Your watch is slow—it's nearer two :
 I see they've stopped their clock. They've done
 As civil hosts should always do.
 Where is your coach—sing out for Gray ?
 And those we've left we'll now discuss,
 As, at their second supper, they
 Will very likely do by us.

of Hapsburgh; and answer—It was the bloodless dagger of the Erfurth student.*

Then, among the mighty influences of unrecorded destiny, what name is more pregnant with stupendous thought than Frederick Stapps; and what history will excite a deeper wonder than the reckless attempt of the noble but unfortunate STOCK-AM-EISEN.

ORCATIUS.

WHAT IS LIFE?

An eagle flew up, in his heav'nward flight,
Far out of the reach of human sight,
And gazed on the earth from his lordly height

In the clouds of the upper air :—
And this is life, he exultingly screams ;
To soar without peer where the lightning gleams,
And look unblenched on the sun's gorgeous beams,
And know of no harrowing care.

A lion leaped forth from his bloody bed,
And roared till it seemed he would wake the dead ;
And man and beast from him tremblingly fled,

As though there was death in the tone :—
And this is life, he triumphantly cried :
To hold my domain in the forests wide,
Imprisoned alone by the ocean's tide,
And the ice of the frozen zone.

It is life, said a whale, to swim the deep ;
O'er hills submerged and abysses to sweep,
Where the gods of ocean their vigils keep,

In the fathomless gulfs below :
To bask on the bosom of tropic seas,
And inhale the fragrance of Ceylon's breeze,
Or sport where the turbulent waters freeze,
In the climes of eternal snow.

It is life, says a tireless albatross,
To skim through the air when the black waves toss,
In the storm that has swept the earth across,
And never to wish for rest :—

* Rapp's Memoirs perfectly justify us in ascribing the unusual moderation of Napoleon at the treaty of Schönbrunn—and even the subsequent events—to the effect produced upon his mind by the attempt of Stapps. That intelligent officer describes it as most impressive. For many days he remained thoughtful and reserved, frequently recurring to the subject, and making many inquiries as to its probable causes, as produced by the tenor of his administration.

To sleep on the breeze as it softly flies,
My perch in the air, my shelter the skies,
And build my nest on the billows that rise
And break with a beautiful crest.

It is life, said a wild gazelle, to leap
From crag to crag of the mountainous steep,
Where the cloud's icy tears in purity sleep,
Like the marble brow of death :

To stand unmoved on the outermost verge
Of the perilous height, and hear the surge
Of the waters beneath that onward urge,
As if sent by a demon's breath.

It is life, I hear a butterfly say,
To revel in blooming gardens by day,
And nestle in cups of flowerets gay,
When the stars the heavens illumine :—
To steal from the rose its delicate hue ;
To sip from the hyacinth glittering dew,
And catch from beds of the violet blue
The richest and sweetest perfume.

It is life, a majestic war-horse neighed,
To prance in the glare of battle and blade,
Where thousands in terrible death are laid,
And to scent of the streaming gore :—
To rush unappalled through the fiery heat,
And trample the dead beneath my feet,
To the trumpet's clang, and the drum's loud beat,
And hear the artillery roar.

It is life, said a savage, with hideous yell,
To roam unshackled the mountain and dell,
And feel my bosom with majesty swell,
As the primal monarch of all :—
To gaze on the earth, the sky, and the sea,
And know that like them I'm chainless and free,
And never, while breathing, to bend the knee,
But at the Manitou's call.

An aged Christian went tottering by,
And white was his hair, and dim was his eye,
And his broken spirit seemed ready to fly,

While he said, with faltering breath :—
It is life, to move, from the heart's first throes,
Through youth and manhood to age's snows,
In a ceaseless circle of joys and woes :—

It is life to prepare for death !

C. D. D.

CINCINNATI, Ohio.

WARISON OF THE VIZIER.*

On ! on for the crescent, rush, Ottomans, on,
At the tambour's shrill sound all ye faithful awake !
In this struggle for life be each scymetar drawn,
The bands of our bloody invaders to break.

See ! see, how they pour o'er our beautiful plains,
These dogs of the Pacha, just burst from their chains ;
With shout and with shriek let us rush on the foe,
And God and our Prophet will smile on the blow.

And shall it be told to the nations of earth,
That each Mussulman home, found no man on its hearth ?
Shall these slavish Egyptians face the wolf in his lair ?
Oh, now for the sword of the fierce Janniziere.

Our fathers of old, beat the Christian before,
And rolled back the thunders of war to his shore ;
Shall the sons of those lords upon ocean and isle,
Bow down on their dust to these slaves of the Nile ?

Yes, on to the fight ! shall the treacherous Russ,
In his darker good-will turn the storm from us ?
And restrain this one foe by his sword or his pelf,
To preserve our broad lands more secure for himself.

Up, up ! raise the war-shout from mountain and glen,
With the form, and the name, show the spirit of men ;
And rather and sooner be crushed in the grave,
Than, base and despised, live the slave of the slave.

Then, on for the crescent, rush, Ottomans, on,
At the tambour's shrill sound all ye faithful awake !
In this struggle for life be each scymetar drawn,
The bands of our bloody invaders to break.

SADALA.

* The battle of Koniah, where the victorious Ibrahim, the revolted pacha of Egypt, totally defeated the Turkish army under the grand vizier ; has shook the mighty empire of Mahomet to its foundation, and utterly prostrated all means of organized resistance to his advance. The eyes of Europe are now opened to the possibility of the total subversion of the Turkish power. The vizier is described as one of the bravest of his nation—furious in war, and enlightened in peace ; he was almost the only prop of the empire in its hour of calamity, and is now actively employed in reviving the drooping spirits of his countrymen, and urging them to a last resistance ere the invader reaches Constantinople.

FAIRY INVITATIONS.

Come to our land of living light,
Where the breeze is bland, and the sky is bright;
Where the vine-wreath laughs to meet the day,
And waters from living fountains play;
And the flowers are of lovelier hue, bright child,
Than e'er on thy native mountains smiled.

Come, for with us, are the shades of even,
And stars look out from their watching heaven;
The white-winged spirits of flowers are there,
And wanton abroad in the joyous air.
To the blissful haunts of our fairy home,
To our moonlight sports, and our gambols—come.

“I cannot come to that home with thee,
For I love to launch on the ruffled sea
My mimic bark, and the storm to brave,
When she proudly rides o'er the crested wave.
I ask not a breeze so soft and bland
As ye tell me breathes in that radiant land.”

Yet come—for the glory which gilds the day,
Is dim to the splendors that wait thy sway—
All the treasures of earth and sea,
Fair-haired boy, shall be poured for thee.
And gems shall circle thy locks of gold,
Brighter than central mines unfold.

“Oh, no! for I there could no more rejoice,
Nor bound at my gentle mother's voice;
I should miss her smile and her fireside tale,
Mid the gathering wind, and the tempest's wail;
And my home, and the sunset hour of play;
And my brothers to call me at break of day.

“And the green path that led to the house of prayer;
And the blessings shed o'er me while kneeling there.
What were your fountains and wreaths so bright,
And your gems that rival the stars of night.
Oh, take them all, with your treasures wide,
For my sunny home on the mountain side.

C. F. E.

A L B U M V E R S E S .

No. I.—THE KISS.

BY J. ALRETEN, ESQ.

I ask not, Eliza, for jewels or gold,
I ask not a braid of your hair ;
I ask not for pleasures, that dearly are sold,
But I ask—oh, refuse not my prayer ?—
One kiss from thy lips—so sweet—so divine ;
And then, what delight can be equal to mine ?

Winged with clouds of the night, in thy chamber I rest,
To guard thee from danger or ill ;
I rise, yet unwearied, at morning's behest,
But with thee am lingering still.
Then say, while around thee I ceaselessly move,
Wilt thou never afford me one token of love ?

The fly, as it sports in the bright sunny ray,
Will light on thy pure lips the while ;
And there will it sip of thy nectar away,
While thou lookest on with a smile.
Am I less deserving a kiss than a fly ?
Less worthy the glance of that soul-beaming eye ?

Were the earth all mine own I would give it to thee,
And the stars, as in heaven they meet ;
Yes, Eliza, the gems and the treasures of sea,
I would glory to cast at thy feet.
Then grant me, I pray thee, my modest request,
And yield to my bosom the blessing of rest ?

No. II.—UNDER THE PICTURE OF A BUTTERFLY.

BY JEHOAM BOWERS.

Restless, bright, and happy thing,
Could I thy semblance take,
On thy light and silky wing,
I'd ceaseless circles make

Round and round her lovely form,
Who sketched thy brilliant crest;
And drew each colour, true and warm,
That decks thy golden vest.

Fluttering far o'er flowery fields,
With sunny skies above;
I'd sip the bloom each blossom yields,
And live my life of love;
I'd be the angel of thy path,
And warn off care or strife;
And never pain, or never wrath,
Should mar thy gentle life.

Softly floating, ever nigh,
My life would happy be,
If the dark radiance of thine eye
Would sometimes light on me;
And, as I held my glittering way,
Oh, shouldst thou deign to smile;
That look of ~~apture~~apture would repay
My life of ~~blissful~~blissful toil.

NO. III.—SONG.

I LOVE THEE NOT FOR THE DARK, BRIGHT LOCKS.

BY CHARLES JAMES CANNON.

I love thee not for the dark bright locks,
Thy moon-like brow that shade;
Nor darker eye, in whose thrilling glance,
Is all love's power conveyed.
I love thee not for the virgin rose
That blooms thy cheek upon;
Nor for the tall, and queen-like form,
That graces thee alone.

For Time will blanch thy shining locks,
And dim thy young eye's light;
The rose that blooms upon thy cheek,
His withering breath will blight;
And weight of years, with weight of cares,
Thy queen-like form will bow;
But the pure soul that waked my love,
Will ever be as now.

merits as a practical politician, as a practical lawyer he is unrivalled. He excels particularly in sifting testimony ; and though sometimes too harsh with an honest but unfavorable witness, in the case of a witness dishonest or unwilling, his power of extracting the truth is truly admirable. He is not thought, however, to be very deep in what is called legal learning ; and though no advocate has a greater weight with the court, he seems to rely not so much on cases and precedents, as on a just application of general principles to the particular facts of his case.

THE WAY TO WIN.

IMITATED FROM FONTENELLE,

[BY JOHN SMITH.]

Apollo erst, as Daphne fled,
And swiftly after her he sped,
Would fain have won the fair one's smile,
And cried his merits all the while,
Thus, one by one,—

“ I am the gifted god of song,”—
The fair one bounded still along—
“ I play the lute, I strike the lyre,
I sing with all a seraph's fire.”

She would not stay.

“ I know each healing root and flower,
I'll teach them to thee in thy bower.”
She did not deign to turn and see
The learned god, but swifter she
Still kept her way.

“ And I can heal thine every ill,
Disease shall have no power to kill,
Nor dim thine eye, nor parch thy skin,
For I am god of medicine.”
She, screaming, fled.

But had he said, “ Divinely fair !”
She would have listened briefly there,—
“ Behold thy slave, a blooming youth !”
She would have turned, to know the truth
Of what he said,—

“ And I am gay, gallant, and free,
Come be my love, I love but thee !”
She had perceived his great good sense,
And known the god of eloquence,—
She had been won.

THE COMING IN OF SPRING.

BY CORNELIUS WEBBE.

The voice of Spring—the voice of Spring,
I hear it from afar !—
He comes with sunlight on his wing,
And ray of morning star :
His impulse thrills through rill and flood,
It throbs along the main,—
'Tis stirring in the waking wood,
And trembling o'er the plain !

The Cuckoo's call from hill to hill,
Announces he is nigh ;
The Nightingale has found the rill
She loved to warble by ;
The Thrush to sing is all athirst,
But will not till he see
Some sign of Him—then out will burst
The treasured melody !

He comes—he comes ! Behold, behold,
That glory in the East—
Of burning beams, of glowing gold,
And light by light increased !
The heavy clouds have rolled away,
That darkened sky and earth ;
And blue and splendid breaks the day,
With universal mirth !

Already, to the skies the Lark
Mounts fast on dewy wings—
Already, round the heavens, hark !
His happy anthem rings—
Already, Earth unto her heart
Inhales the genial heat—
Already, see the flowers start,
To beautify his feet !

The Violet is sweetening now,
The air of hill and dell ;

The Snow-drops, that from Winter's brow,
As he retreated, fell,
Have turned to flowers, and gem the bowers
Where late the wild storm whirled ;
And warmer rays, with lengthening days,
Give verdure to the world.

The work is done ;—but there is One
Who has the task assigned—
Who guides the serviceable Sun,
And gathers up the wind ;—
Who showers down the needful rain,
He measures in His hand ;
And rears the tender-springing grain,
That life may fill the land.

The pleasant Spring, the joyous Spring !
His course is onward now ;—
He comes with sunlight on his wing,
And beauty on his brow ;
His impulse thrills through rill and flood,
And throbs along the main,—
'Tis stirring in the waking wood,
And trembling o'er the plain.

We cannot refrain from inserting the following extract from the letter of the gifted gentleman who sent us the above.

“LONDON, March 1, 1833.

***** “But perhaps this offer of mine may not be sufficient to tempt you? Poetry certainly is a drug here, at which the reading public make most ludicrously wry faces; but in America, where there is more simplicity of manners, and much more freshness of the feelings, it is, perhaps—nay, I have no doubt it is “in better adorn.” My rhymes may not be such as will “witch the western world with versemanship,” but I send them to you on a venture. If you like them, the probability is, that your reading public may be like-minded; if you do not, why, then I have only taken some little trouble to show you that I am willing to oblige you, and that I could not oblige you as much as I wished.”

It would indeed argue but little for the taste or feelings of any people, where verses so replete with many of the finest beauties of poetry and thought, as the specimen we have given, would not be appreciated. Our readers will have the gratification of occasionally perusing other pieces from the same pen.—Ed.

by him as the remuneration for our services this evening; and apply it to the use of Mr. Dunlap; in whose behalf you have shewn so much zeal; and who, from all I have heard of him, is so highly deserving of the interest which you all take in him—that the results of the evening may fully answer your expectations and largely contribute to his comforts, is the sincere wish of—

Gentlemen, your obliged and obedient servant,

C. KEMBLE.

To David Hosack and Philip Hone, Esq's. of the Dunlap Committee.

New York, Feb. 28th. 1833.

Dear Sir,

In the name of the Committee of the citizens of New York friendly to Literature and the Drama, I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your very kind communication, in which you decline to receive the remuneration tendered for the services of yourself and Miss Kemble, at the benefit set apart for Mr. Dunlap.

The committee beg leave unanimously to express to you and your daughter their high sense of your kindness and liberality in the contribution of your united talents on this occasion. In this acknowledgement, not only the immediate friends of Mr. Dunlap, but his fellow citizens friendly to dramatic literature, cordially unite, adding their best wishes for the happiness and prosperity of yourself and daughter,

I am, dear Sir, yours respectfully,

DAVID HOSACK,

Chairman of the Committee.

To Charles Kemble, Esq.

AN ADDRESS,

Spoken by Mrs. Sharpe, at the Park Theatre, on the Evening of the

DRAMATIC FESTIVAL, IN HONOR OF WILLIAM DUNLAP, ESQ.

What gay assemblage greets my wondering sight!
 What scene of splendor—conjured here to night!
 What voices murmur, and what glances gleam!
 Sure 'tis some flattering, unsubstantial dream.
 The house is crowded—everybody's here
 For beauty famous, or to science dear;
 Doctors and lawyers, judges, belles and beaux,
 Poets and painters—and heaven only knows
 Whom else beside—and, see, gay ladies sit,
 Lighting with smiles that fearful place, the pit—
 (A fairy change—ah, pray continue it.)
 Gray heads are here too, listening to my rhymes,
 Full of the spirit of departed times;
 Grave men and studious, strangers to my sight,
 All gather round me on this brilliant night.
 And welcome are ye all. Not now ye come
 To speak some trembling poet's awful doom;
 With frowning eyes a "want of mind" to trace
 In some new actor's inexperienced face,
 Or e'en us old ones (oh, for shame!) to rate
 "With study good—in time—but—never great:"
 Not like yon travel'd native, just to say
 "Folks in this country cannot act a play,
 They can't 'pon honor!" How the creature starts!
 His wit and whiskers came from foreign parts!
 Nay, madam, spare your blushes—you I mean—
 There—close beside him—oh, you're full sixteen—

You need not shake your flowing locks at me—
 The man, your sweetheart—then I'm dumb, you see ;
 I'll let him off—you'll punish him in time,
 Or I've no skill in prophecy or rhyme :
 Not like that knot of surly critics yonder,
 Who wield the press, that modern bolt of thunder,
 To "cut us up," when from this house they lollop,
 With no more mercy than fair *Mrs. Trollope* !
 A nobler motive fills your bosoms now,
 To wreath the laurel round the silver'd brow
 Of one who merits it—if any can,
 The artist, author, and the honest man.
 With equal charms his pen and pencil draw
 Rich scenes, to nature and to virtue true.
 Full oft upon these boards hath youth appear'd,
 And oft these smiles his faltering footsteps cheer'd ;
 But not alone on budding genius smile,
 Leaving the ripen'd sheaf unown'd the while ;
 To boyish hope not every bounty give,
 And only youth and beauty bid to live.
 Will you forget the services long past,
 Turn the old war-horse out to die at last ?
 When, his proud strength and noble fleetness o'er,
 His faithful bosom dares the charge no more ?
 Ah, no—the sun that loves his beams to shed
 Round every opening flowret's tender head,
 With smiles as kind his genial radiance throws
 To cheer the sadness of the fading rose :
 Thus he, whose merit claims this dazzling crowd,
 Points to the past, and has his claims allowed,
 Looks brightly forth, his faithful journey done,
 And rests in triumph—like the setting sun.

DUNLAP BENEFIT.

At a numerous meeting of the friends of literature and the drama, of the city of New York, held pursuant to public notice, at the Shakspeare Hotel, on Wednesday afternoon, the sixth instant, the Hon. Richard Riker was called to the chair, and Dr. John W. Francis appointed secretary. The meeting being organized, the chairman stated its objects, which were to complete all unfinished business growing out of the late Dramatic Festival, given in honor of *William Dunlap, Esq.*

The treasurer being called upon for his report, submitted the following, which was approved:

<i>Treasurer in account with the Dunlap Committee.</i>		Dr.
To cash paid the Park Theatre for hire of the house, and expense of fitting up the pit for the evening,		\$561 04
Expense incurred by the committee for printing,		65 87
Mercantile Advertiser, half price for advertising,		19 12
Sundry small charges, incurred by committee,		30 93
Balance paid Mr. Dunlap,		2517 54
Cr.		\$3194 50
By cash received for tickets, &c.		\$3144 50
Cash received from Edmund Simpson, manager of the theatre, as a contribution to the fund,		50 00
		\$3194 50

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

BY E. C. LINDEN, GENT.

CANTO FIRST.

Ombre, deliri.
Sogni, follie son nostre cure; e quando
Il vergognoso errore.—*Metastasio*. Demofonte, *A. Terzo*, S. II.

I.

Who does not love the land of dreams,
The land of gently flowing streams—
For e'en the rippling of a rill,
Falls on the ear more softened still
When Night and Fancy hold their sway,
Than mid the busy hum of day—
The land where gentle twilight steals
Her way through sweetly perfumed bowers,
And when the chill of night she feels,
Or notes the dew-drop on the flowers;
Bride of the sun, she seeks her rest,
His couch of glory in the west?

II.

Land of delight! in thee to roam
The spirit leaves her earthly home!
She casts aside her mortal coil,
And, unoppressed, by care or toil,
Throughout thy boundless regions free,
Wanders in chainless liberty!
There Fancy paints the varied scene,
With rays from heaven streaming o'er it;
But ever and anon are seen,
Dark shadows from the earth before it;
Recalling, by their hues of night,
The Spirit from her path of light.

III.

Home of the troubled soul, 'tis sweet
Departed friends in thee to meet!
In thy blest haunts, to feel the grasp,
The look, the sigh, the thrilling clasp
Of fond affection, as in truth
We never felt them, but in youth.
To gaze on those we have not met
For many years of fruitless sorrow;
To see them thus, and yet—and yet
To dream that we shall meet to-morrow;
And part without a pang; oh, this
Oft have I felt; 'tis bliss! 'tis bliss!

IV.

Oh, tell me not that 'twill not last,
A dream like this, of pleasure past.
Oh, tell me not, that when 'tis o'er,
A dream like this can only pour
A cup of galling sorrow more.
Upon a heart too full before.
'Tis but a type of human life,
Where all is bright-eyed joy at starting;
But soon—too soon must come the strife,
The agony of soul at parting.
Then what is joy's declining beam,
Or what is life? A dream! a dream!

V.

We tread upon a fragile crust,
Nor heed the truth, that die we must;
It breaks, and lo, the fate of all,
The hoary sire and youth must fall
Alike into the gulph beneath,
The all-absorbing gulph of death!
Yet, who that turns his dying eyes
To childhood's paths, where all was brightness;
Where erst he roved 'neath brilliant skies,
And every step was one of lightness;
But—feeling he was happy then—
Would dream that dream of bliss again.

VI.

Oh, no, the widow'd mourner weeps
When waking, but unconscious sleeps.
Or if she dreams, the moment's spell
Will stern reality dispel,
And with her veil conceal the thought
That ne'er on earth can be forgot.
Then on bright, buoyant wing she bears
Her spirit to that place of meeting,
Where oft they met in other years,
And never felt that time was fleeting ;
That Hope was like the meteor's flame—
Youth, Love, and Beauty, but a name !

VII.

Once more in the sweet dreaming land,
Her loved one with her—hand in hand ;
Through scenes of happiness they rove ;
Again he tells his tale of love ;
Again he wins her grateful smile,
Who, happy then, ne'er thinks the while
That all is but a pleasing dream
To vanish with the morrow's waking.
A fleeting ray, a fitful gleam,
A flash of light through darkness breaking,
Which only serves to show how black,
The darkness that surrounds its track !

VIII.

And yet that single ray of light,
Bursting from blacken'd clouds by night,
Whose very darkness to the sight,
Shows it but more intensely bright ;
Who that has marked it but will say,
" 'Tis brighter than the light of day."
Who would not sooner, if he durst,
Embrace the lightning's vivid flashes ;
Than that dark cloud from which they burst,
Or clasp the white foam as it dashes
On high its thousand sparkling crests,
Than yon dull wave on which it rests.

IX.

Land of repose! Worn out by toil—
Long severed from his native soil—
The galley-slave, who tugs the oar,
In moslem chains along the shore,
Hails with delight the setting sun,
Bright signal of his labor done.
And when he seeks his needed rest,
His body on the deck reclining,
In thee—in thee his spirit blest
Sees not the crescent o'er him shining,
Hears not the rushing of the tide,
Or rude chain clanking by his side.

X.

For now, beside his cottage door,
As he was wont in days of yore,
Reclining on a rustic seat
He listens to the prattle sweet
Of all his little ones, in glee
Assembled round their father's knee ;
And ere they seek their humble beds,
His hand, with fond emotion pressing,
Upon their lovely, youthful heads ;
He gives them each and all his blessing ;
But, waken'd by his heavy chain,
Turns, drops a tear, and sleeps again.

XI.

And now, perhaps, his blazing hearth
Looks cheerful, and the sound of mirth
Re-echoes from his lowly cot,
The sound of mirth—delightful lot,
That those who sit around him there
Have welcome and a hearty cheer.
He draws his seat, and tells his joke,
His jolly friends and neighbors laughing ;
And heartily, through clouds of smoke,
Their drink from wooden goblets quaffing.
What meets his open vision now ?
A scimitar ! a turban'd brow !

XII.

How vast, how grand the mighty sea
Of fathomless eternity !
And Time, how like a single wave,
Which, rolling o'er a mighty grave,
Bears on its breast a brilliant gem,
That, like a despot's diadem,
Brings to its wearer nought but care,
And wo, and pain, and toil, and trouble ;
With mingled scenes of hope and fear !
That gem is life,—at best a bubble,
It bursts, and ah, not e'en a trace
Is left us of its resting place.

XIII.

But now 'twas here, and now 'tis gone,
And yet we love to dwell upon
Its fleeting beauties though they fade
Before us as a passing shade ;
Beneath the rays by Phoebus cast
Upon it when a cloud has passed !
Those varied shades, and gorgeous hues,
That for a moment stream so brightly,
Throughout life's early avenues,
Where ardent Youth is tripping lightly ;
All heedless of the clouds of grief,
That hang above in bold relief.

XIV.

Sweet Ada ! Life to her had been
As yet but an enchanting scene.
As yet in Youth's gay wildness free
She roamed beside the Congaree ;
Or in its bosom loved to lave
A form that Venus' self might crave !
As yet her life had never known,
A single day of care or sorrow ;
Time, with light wings had borne her on,
All reckless of the coming morrow ;
And she had never felt a tear
Bedew her cheek, but joy was there.

XV.

Among a race of hardy men,
She wander'd in her native glen,
A gentle being to their sight,
Appearing as a star of light;
Her mildness shedding forth a ray
That cheered them on life's rugged way!
A cherub form in mercy sent
To weary mortals, tempest driven;
Too bright to stay, and only lent
To point them out the path of heaven;
She seemed not of the earth she trod,
But a bright link 'twixt man and God!

XVI.

She walked the path of life, and met
No evil; lo, the sun hath set!
But, now 'twas day—its lovely light
Hath passed away, and all is night;
And thus, o'er Ada's early bloom
Hath sorrow flung the shades of gloom.
At dawn in Orran's humble cot,
Did every heart beat high with gladness;
'Tis eve, how changed that happy lot!
Reflection's chord is stretched to madness,
For Orran answers not her call,
In brake, or bower, or lighted hall.

XVII.

In vain, alas, from hill to hill,
Does Ada seek her father still.
The tidings told—the torch's glare,
From every cot or hamlet near;
Proclaims the love their inmates bore
To Orran, but to Ada more.
The one they loved as man may love
A boon companion, friend or brother,
But then they turned their looks above
With adoration on the other;
As one who only linger'd here
On journey to some brighter sphere.

XVIII.

But Love can nought avail thee now,
And sorrow clouds each manly brow !
In vain the brake and mountain glen,
Are trodden o'er and o'er again ;
And Orran's name, on every breeze,
Re-echoes through primeval trees.
In vain from lip to lip the cry
Caught up with eagerness, is pealing
And lamentations rend the sky ;
For Orran now his way is stealing
In terror through a distant wood,
With foes all eager for his blood.

XIX.

Returning, one by one, they come,
Each huntsman sadly to his home ;
With lingering steps, afraid to tell,
The tale that all but know too well.
At dawn of day, the merry horn,
Had usher'd in the rosy morn,
And Ada left her humble home
To gaze upon the waters, gushing
Over their rocky bed in foam,
And listen to the hurried rushing
Of hunters, and the stirring sound
Of wild halloo, and baying hound.

XX.

How happy was young Ada then !
Now he is gone, and ne'er again
Can Ada know a father's love
Or feel a joy, all joys above—
The sweet delight—the thrilling sense
Of bliss unspeakable—intense,
Which bursts upon us, when we think,
That, though the stream of Time is bearing
Our light barks onward, and the brink
Of dread eternity we're nearing ;
Aye, though the sun of life be set,
One heart will love—adore us yet.

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mined to go, however, and declined resuming my seat, my aunt recommenced; "Now, my dear George, you really must not thwart me, for I have such an amiable creature in view for you; she is very kind, and very good, and oh! she is very pretty." I confess I began to relent at this description. "She has the sweetest temper in the world—she is all gentleness and softness." I felt I was yielding, and so began to smooth my hat with extreme fervency. My aunt continued, "She is young and artless, but highly accomplished, and sings divinely; and besides, George, she admires you very much." I thought all was over. I found myself absolutely consenting. One word more, thought I, and I am lost; so I pulled on my glove, and moved to the door. "And above all," said my aunt, in a triumphant tone, "she is a pupil of my own, and I have taught her to be the best of *housekeepers*." In less time than I could possibly write it, I was off. I flung to the door, rushed into the street, and gave God thanks for my deliverance. "Oh, no!" I exclaimed, "Give me for a wife, a friend, a fool, or a monster of ugliness, but God preserve me from ever being the husband of a *housekeeper*!"

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Two hours have elapsed, and I am cooler. I have written these notes in my journal, but I cannot bring myself to go back to dinner at my aunt's, even though she should skin "her tongue," and boil "the rump" to ribbons.

S O N G .

OH, SWEETER THAN ALONG THE WAVE.

Oh, sweeter than along the wave
 The breath of music flows,
 And dearer than the daylight's streak
 Ere last it faintly glows,
 Was the full gush of joy, that o'er
 My heart, my feelings shone,
 When first from thy delicious lip
 I heard thou wast mine own.

There's not a stain of worldly thought
 Can mingle in the bliss,
 Which fills the soul with purity
 In such a time as this;
 And earth has got no other joy,
 For which I could repine,
 While thus I strain thee to my heart
 And feel that thou art mine.

THE EAGLE'S CANZONET.

BY J. ALBREKTEN.

"Audeo Solem."

My eyrie is the rifted rock,
Which props the clouds of mist,
And there I brave the whirlwinds shock,
And live as eagles list.
My watchtower is the ether pure,
Where, on my wings I rest ;
From man's presumptuous gaze secure,
Unshackled—unoppressed.
And there I lie,
With eager eye,
To watch the movements of my hapless prey,
Then stoop and sieze, and tear their hearts away.

Up with the orb of light,
Exulting and alone,
I wing my tireless flight,
In regions all my own.
High in his blaze I soar,
Till, cradled in the west,
He sinks amid the roar
Of billows to his rest.
'Tis then I stoop,
With bloodless swoop,
To gain, in shelter of the mist-crowned cleft,
My screaming wild brood, not of care bereft.

Mine was a royal lot
Since ever Time began,
The idol of the warrior's thought,
The emblem on his van :
The crest of nations as they rose,
To majesty and might ;
Their bird of hope, mid thronging foes,
Their watchword in the fight.
And ever so,
My name shall glow,
Linked with the great, the mighty, and the free,
The lords and arbiters of earth and sea.

O, I will live as ever,
While day succeeds to day ;
The quivering limb to sever,
Or soar sublime away.
And when old age steals o'er me,
Some dreadful deed shall tell—
I die like those before me,
Who fiercely fought and fell.
I'll call at length,
My failing strength,
And, pouncing on the ruthless tiger, part
My beak and talons writhing in his heart.

FAREWELL OF A PILGRIM FATHER TO ENGLAND.

BY CORNELIUS WEBBE.

I've trod my last step on thy strand,
And now am on thy wave ;
To seek a home in some far land,
But haply find a grave !
I reckon not where my bones are laid—
Who wraps them in their sheet ;
I reckon not where my grave is made,
If trod by human feet.

My mother, England, still thou art,
And I would be thy son ;
But thou hast flung me from thy heart,
With many a worthier one !
I love thee, oh ! too much to say,
And like a lover yearn ;
For though I turn my eyes away,
My heart I cannot turn !

The sea runs high, the ship dips low,
The wild waves overwhelm—
The crew are lashed above, below—
The helmsman to the helm ;
Rage on, rage on, thou wreaking wind—
Roll on, thou weltering sea ;
Ye cannot be more hard, unkind,
Than man hath been to me !

I heed not these rude tempest gales,
Their rage will soon be spent,
I heed not these storm-riven sails,
My heart is deeper rent!
The storm will pass—the angry main
Will know a day of calm,
But who will make Thee whole again,
And give thy wounds a balm ?

Thy sons were strong, and brave, and bold ;
Thou wert the Ocean's heart ;
But Power hath drained their veins for gold,
And sapp'd Thy vital part ;
They dare not think of what they were,
Nor say what they would be ;
For England now herself doth fear,
Who feared no enemy !

Thy bow was strong at Agincourt,
Thy lance did stain Poitiers ;
Thy strength shall be a theme for sport,
As now it is for tears ;
There's one, for wine shall give thee gall,
And laugh at thy distress ;
And some shall triumph in thy fall,
Who feared thy mightiness !

Farewell ! I cannot think of thee,
And feel no filial fear ;
I cannot dread what thou may'st be,
Without a shuddering tear.
I weep not at the wreaking wind,
Nor dread the awful sea,
Though both are fell, and hard—unkind—
I weep and fear for *Thee* !